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POETRY.

From the *Dublin University Magazine*.
THE LEAF OF THE STREAM.
I soon I missed by a stream, reclining,
That peacefully strayed the willows along,
And watched how it tore on its waters shining
The leaves with a dainty song—
But be it my fate, like leaflets lightly,
Mid sunshine and song forever to glide;
Let life's tranquil current but wait me brightly,
I care not how swift its tide.

A summer breeze came o'er the waters creeping,
A cloud cast its gloom the shining stream o'er,
And dark rolled the ripples down it sweeping—
The leaves sank, to rise no more!—
As such is too oft the fate before us,
While headless and gay we sport on life's wave;
Disaster and sorrow sweep darkly o'er us,
And hurry us on to the grave.

EVENING.

'Tis sweet at eventide to wander
In a still sweet vale of solitude,
Where winds are never rude;
Or quietly sit and ponder
In a pleasant mood,
Noting the twinkling
Of the bright stars, the gleam of flowers,
And the hill fountains' faintest twinkle,
Lulling the weary hours.

On the salt mountain of the valley
Voices are heard. Through all the land
Claneth the insect land,
And the fair wave—scarce heard its dally—
Leaves the white strand.
A soft, low vapor
Gathers the misty vale o'er you distance
In the hushed twilight hold a taper,
While all the charmed air listens.

O, gentle eve! the heart, reposing,
Findeth in soft breathing calm,
Quiet and healing balm;
The swain to thee, at day's declining,
Hymneth his psalm;
And many a sorrow
Born of the day-beam thou dost heal;
O, life! what eve is thine? What morrow
Shall the dark tomb unveil?

CONSTANCY.

Thou art it so, and let us part,
Since love like mine has failed to move thee;
But do not think this constant heart
Can ever cease, ingrate, to love thee.
—O spite of all thy cold disdain,
I'll bless the hour when first I met thee,
And rather bear whole years of pain
Than e'en for one short hour forget thee. No.

Still memory, now my only friend,
Shall with her soothing art endeavor
To present anguish to respond,
By painting pleasures lost for ever;
She shall the happy hours renew,
When full of hope and smiles I met thee,
And little thought the day to view,
When thou wouldst wish me to forget thee.

As I have lived to wish that day,
To mourn my past destructive blindness,
I see now turned with scorn away
Those eyes once filled with answering kindness.
At go—farewell! and be thou blest,
If thoughts of what I feel will let thee;
Yet, though thy image kills my rest,
Twice greater anguish to forget thee.

AGRICULTURE.

FARM WORK.—A cotemporary furnished the following duties to be performed this month:—
PERITS.—Gather up all the windfalls and let them to cattle or swine: if cooked and mixed with meal, your porkers will pay you compound interest on the cost and trouble, and you will destroy a host of insects which could scourge your orchard another year. Any of your trees that were budded last month have failed, stick in another bud now. They will be likely to take up, up to the middle of the month.
SCAWANERS.—Clean out and manure old beds, and make new plantations, if it was not done last month.
NURSERIES.—Keep the nurseries clean, frequent hoeing, and if drought prevails, is not infrequent in September, water, mulch, &c.
HOPS.—The cultivator of this crop must attend to it now.
TURNS.—Being now up and looking well, see that they are properly thinned and weeded. Nearly half the turnip crops are wasted by the plants being left too thick.
TOPPING CORN.—While we doubt not that the corn is injured by this practice, we do not hesitate to recommend it. We lose something in the weight of kernel, but gain in the fodder; and materially in managing the future harvest; it is worth, while, perhaps, to go a little more particularly into the matter.
MEADOW MUD.—Though urged so often, we must suggest again to the farmers the importance of getting up a large quantity of this valuable absorbent and fertilizer. And it upon the uplands ready for the corn land next spring, by placing a large shovel full in each hill, mingled with a handful of guano. In this process you carry back the vegetable, together with some of the mineral matter, which has been washed from the hills through a period of hundreds of years. Have it in abundance, also to cover the droppings of the stalls.
SWINE.—Begin to feed the swine intended for fattening more liberally. Gather the early pumpkins, apples, and with the small potatoes, boil and mix meal with them. To give them now as much as they will eat with a good appetite, is the cheapest way to keep them.
THE FALL WEB-WORM. has been very destructive this season and their nests may now be seen in abundance in the cherry, apple, pear and elm trees, in our orchards, pastures and gardens. They may be easily removed, and the unsightly excrescence which their labours produce plucked off.

SELECTED TALES.

Uncle Bernard's Story.

"Oh! Uncle Bernard," cried all together a group of little people, "tell us a story."

Uncle Bernard, a white-haired old man, whose easy-chair had been drawn to a warm corner, for the winter was howling against the windows, looked up from his large-print Bible and smiled fondly on their rosy faces: "A story! let me read you one out of this good book!"

"Oh! no," says bold little Bob, as he caught the old man round the neck, "we know all the Bible stories; tell us a fairy tale!"

"Yes! yes! Uncle Bernard," chimed the rest, "a fairy tale, a fairy tale; you have never told us a fairy tale."

"No, deary, I have never told you a fairy tale. Fairy tales are lies, and young folks like you should not love to hear lies, nor old folks like me should not tell lies."

"Oh! but Uncle Bernard, we know that fairy tales ain't true, but it is such fun to hear them."

"Well, my pets, I'll try to tell you a story that sounds like a fairy tale, and yet is all true. Sit down and listen."

"Once upon a time, and a great while ago, there lived in a wide wood a wild man, whose name was Sthenos. His father and mother had been keepers of a lovely garden, where they dwelt in peace with our good God; but he, very early in his childhood, had wandered far off and lost himself among the shadows of the forest, where he soon forgot all the little that he knew. Not only his head and face, but also his whole body, was covered with long shaggy hair; his nails were like claws and he could climb the trees or swim in the water as easily as walk on the ground. Gigantic in height, his shoulders were broad and his limbs sturdy. He could out-run the swiftest deer, lit with a stone the flying bird, and kill with his knobby club the fiercest beasts. He ate only what he won in the chase, with some pleasant herbs or fruits, or honey which he found in hollow trunks and among the rocks; and he drank only water from springs, or the deep river which flowed through the valley."

He slept in caves or in the crotches of trees, lest the prowling beasts should catch him unawares. Yet, savage as he was, he had a certain nobleness and rough grace of mien which distinguished him as a superior to the brutes around him, and made them acknowledge him as their lord.—Thus he lived, lonely and unhappy, and notwithstanding his strength, full of fears.

"One day as he was pushing through a thicket to reach the river, he heard singing, sweeter than any he had ever heard. He thought at first that it was a bird, but he knew the songs of all birds, and that was not like any one of them. He dashed on, and saw reclining on the bank of the river a creature so lovely that he stood still in wondering, trembling with a new feeling that shot like fire through his heart and joints. Her form (his woodman's eye saw at once that the delicate proportions were those of a female) was something like his own, but fair and elegant where his was brown and shaggy. Around her was cast a loose white robe, and about her shoulders floated a scarf, blue as the sky.—While she sang, she looked upwards, as if some one was hearing her. Soon turning her eyes upon him, she smiled with ravishing sweetness, and beckoned him nearer. Awe-struck, but drawn irresistibly on, he fell at her feet, gazing on her beautiful face. She spoke in accents of his early speech, which now came back to his understanding, and said: "Sthenos, our good God whom you have so long forgotten has not forgotten you; but pitying your loneliness and misery, has sent me to live with you and be your friend. Already I love you, and you must take me to your heart and give me your love."

As she spoke she bent down and wiped his forehead, from which she had parted his matted locks, looking with her clear blue eyes into his, and he laid his head with its bright golden curls on his broad breast, and felt an ecstasy of inexpressible happiness.

"And now that I am to dwell with you, dear Sthenos, lead me to your home!"

"Home!" replied he, "I know not what you mean!"

"Where do you rest after the chase, or amid the darkness? Where do you eat your food, and where do you most delight to be? That is home."

"I have no home. All places in the forest are alike to me. Where weariness or night comes upon me, there I lie down; when I have killed the deer then I eat—I have never thought of a home."

"Come, then," said she, sweetly, "let us seek a spot where we will make a home for ourselves;" and putting her slender hand in his, she led him on until they came to a fountain gushing out from under a high rock, before which a sunny meadow spread itself towards the southwest blooming with harebells and daisy-cups, and pansies, and many more wild flowers. "Is it not charming?" said she; "the spring shall give us water, and the rock guard us from the fierce north wind, and we can look out upon the sunlight and the shadows as they float mingled together over the

green grass and the flowers that spring up through the verdure."

Sthenos smiled, and though he could not understand all her meaning, he felt a charm of nature he had never before known.

"Now," she said, "the sun, though its light be pleasant, looks down too hotly upon us; and when the night comes, the dews will fall and the winds chill us. Go, break off boughs from the trees, and strip the broad bark from the decayed branches."

"This was an easy task for the vigorous man; and in the meantime she had gathered heaps of dry mosses, and the spiky shoots from the hemlocks, and spread them deeply over the leaf-covered ground. Then leaning the thick boughs against each other, and laying, by her directions the curved bark, overlapping in successive and continuous layers upon them, Sthenos saw as his work a rude, but safe hut, and said: "This shall be our home. I go for our evening meal;" and dashing into the forest, he soon returned with wood-pigeons and a young fawn which he had killed, casting them at the feet of his gentle wife, who had already arranged in leafy cups the berries which she had gathered from the meadow; and Sthenos beheld wild flowers, mingled with long, training, delicate vines, adorning the entrance of their home.

The simple meal, soon prepared by her skilful hands, he thought more savory than he had ever had; but before she suffered him to partake, she pointed upward, and with clasped hands sang praise to our good God the giver. An hour of delicious friendship stole away, as hand in hand they looked into each other's eyes—thoughts he knew not how to speak, and she needed no words to utter. Then another hymn to our good God, the sleepless preserver, she warbled from her lips of gurgling melody, and the pair sank to rest.

Thus sped on day after day, and night after night. Gradually Sthenos lost his fierceness, save in the struggles of the chase. She had fashioned for him soft garments out of fawn-skins and feathers, which now he wore less for need than pride, and to please his skilful friend. His shaggy hair was smoothed into curling grace; the hut constantly received new conveniences and ornaments from his strong or his cunning hand; and happy was he after his toils in the forest to return hearing a rich honeycomb, or leading a goat with full udders to his home, dear because hers.

On walking one dewy morning, he looked fondly in her loving face, beaming with tender and holy thoughts, and said, "You called me Sthenos, but never told me the name by which I am to call you my dearest."

"You have just pronounced the name I love best, except when you call me your wife and your friend. I have had several names in the land whence I came to be near you; but that by which our good God wished you to know me is Enthymia. And, dear Sthenos, whenever you are in trouble, in need or in doubt, call Enthymia to your side, and whatever love can do, I will gladly perform. With your strength and my affectionate zeal, and the blessings of our good God, we shall be happy as we may in this wild wood; but the good God has promised me that when you shall have learned to sing and pray with me, that our two beings shall be blended into one, and we shall have the forest to go and dwell in a garden with our good God, far more beautiful than the one from which you strayed a long while ago."

"Oh happy home," replied Sthenos; "I can think of no higher bliss than that your loveliness should be mingled with my strength, except that my strength shall be forever united to your dear thoughts."

"Say not so, Sthenos," answered she looking up with a holy smile, like morning light sparkling in the dew; "our highest joy will be to dwell with our good God."

From that moment Sthenos earnestly endeavored to learn the hymns and prayers of Enthymia. They lived long in the forest, and children were born to them, three sons like their father, vigorous; there daughters like their mother, graceful.—But one fair morning the father and mother came not from their chamber (for the little hut had given place to a wide dwelling) their children went anxiously in to seek them, but they found them not.—Sthenos and Enthymia were gone to the garden of our good God.

The children were mute with wonder and sadness, when suddenly the chamber was filled with ravishing light and delicious odors, and three radiant angels hovered over the bed, and the roof opened, and the children could see far up into the sky, and saw a glorious being standing under the Tree of Life, before the throne of God; and in the smiling countenance of the glorious being they recognized strangely, but sweetly mingled, the love of both father and mother. And one of the angels said (he was the tallest of the three): "I pointed out the way to them and encouraged them to strive to reach the garden."

"And I," said the second, on whose bosom shone a gem like a golden anchor, "bore them up on my wings."

"And I," joyfully exclaimed the third, who had eyes like the first spring violets washed with rain, "have made them both one forever."

"Then turning to her sister angels, she said: "Your tasks for them are over; but I go to fill their united being with immortal happiness."

"Ah! Uncle Bernard," cried Gertrude, "that is better than a fairy tale; but what queer names, Sthenos and Enthymia; what do they mean?"

"I made them out of the Greek," answered the old man; and by Sthenos, I mean man left to himself, when he would be a mere savage; and by Enthymia, I mean wisdom sent to him by our good God, to teach him how to live on earth and prepare for heaven. When man is transformed to holy wisdom, and uses his strength for wise ends, he becomes all good, and God takes him up to the second Paradise."

"Yes," says little Charley, "and the angel with the anchor is Hope."

"And the tallest angel is Faith," adds Robert, "for faith gives pious people courage."

"And the gentle blue-eyed one must be Love, for love live forever," whispers Gertrude in Uncle Bernard's ear.

"Bless you, dear child! you look like her," whispered back Uncle Bernard.

Rev. Dr. Bethune.

WASHINGTON AND NAPOLEON—A Comparison.

BY G. L. CRANMER.

It is proper and expedient that we should often recur to the conduct and characters of great and illustrious men, so that we may form a just appreciation of them and their deeds.

But our purpose now, is not so much to discuss the characters of Washington and Napoleon, as to institute a comparison between them. As compared with Napoleon—a man whose name the world still rings, and whose actions are still fresh in the memories of some who waded with him through seas of blood and plains of carnage—the glory of Washington is to that of the other as is the light of the sun to that of the glow-worm.

Napoleon exercised all his powers in the attainment of an object which was as fleeting as the breath of the winds—the other bent all his energies to the attainment of the greatness and happiness of a future generation. Napoleon, like the falcon, made one soaring swoop, and returned to earth exhausted. Washington, like the eagle, soared slowly but steadily, on an untrailing wing, and rested in his eyrie on the very highest pinnacle of the Alpine mount of fame. The one captivated the multitude by his brilliant and flashing, but unsubstantial feats. The actions of the other were unornamented and unadorned, but substantial and permanent. The one sighed for an ideal world, and endeavored to mould one according to his wishes—the other was content with the one already in being, and strove to develop its good.

Napoleon was ever chasing a phantom, which, like an *ignis fatuus*, held out to him tempting flatteries and allurements he could never grasp. Washington directed his ends to the attainment of an object which was real and could be gained. The one was ambition personified—the other, a combination of meekness, humility, and contentment.

The battle at the Bridge of Lodi was far more brilliant and grand than any which took place in the days of the Revolution. But the surrender at Yorktown gave liberty to a people, and happiness to a nation.—The one was the result of skill, discipline, and power—the other, of patience, perseverance, and assiduity. The one will shine upon the page of history as a glowing achievement of no great end—the other will appear as the interposition of Divine Providence, in the bringing about of mighty events. Washington has departed, but he has left behind a goodly heritage of liberty and happiness. Napoleon is no more, and his name is linked only with the things of yesterday, which, like his greatness and glory, are fast departing. The memory of the one is dear to all mankind—that of the other, commands astonishment rather than respect. In life, one reposed his confidence and trust in Heaven—the other, upon the power of his own arm, and the might of his own strength.—The one died an exile on a seagirt rock, far from his friends and companions—the other sunk sweetly to rest in the arms of his country, and in the midst of the fruits of his victories.

Such are some of the characteristics which distinguished these two great contemporaries of modern times; the one in the New World—the other in the Old.—Washington's character, like a bright mirror, will ever reflect its virtues, for time cannot dim its brightness, nor can the mould and dust of centuries mar its polish. As he aspired to nothing which he did not gain, nor pretend to that which he did not possess, he excited no hopes which were not fulfilled, nor raised any expectations which were not consummated. Therefore, the past will ever illustrate his judgment and ability, and the future, his greatness and renown.

As his deeds and his actions were the offspring of disinterested motives, his time is pure and unalloyed. Time will write the epitaphs of both Washington and Napoleon.

From the *Mother's and Daughter's Magazine*.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

HER JOYS AND SORROWS.

Perchance, dear reader, as your eye glances over the title of this little fragment, the recollection of an affectionate husband, and dear children, a cherished home, rendered doubly dear by the presence and smiles of such beloved objects, may rise before you. It may be that you are in the actual possession of them without any realizing sense of the frail tenure by which you are bound to them. Possibly they may have already passed away, and in memory's shrine is indelibly engraven joys now rendered poignant by the sad reality that they can never again be enjoyed. What earthly object can fill the aching void occasioned by the death of a tender and faithful husband!

The widow's pilgrimage must indeed be a lonely one. Having known the value of such a sacred and endearing relationship, she must ever after mourn in silence.—The inward struggle, the sinking desolation of heart, may be felt, but cannot be described, when he who was her head, her provider and protector, the father of her children, is unexpectedly hurried to the dark and narrow house.

Time may in a measure heal, but it cannot cure the wound inflicted in her bleeding, broken heart. The blow came unexpectedly, and her soul is bewildered. She is assailed by many and sore temptations from within and from without, as she finds herself stripped of every earthly dependence. She is even led to choose death rather than life. Would that she could have nestled down by the side of her husband in the peaceful grave.

How are her children now to be led, and clothed, and instructed? Her three lovely children, which had constituted such a bond of Union between herself and her husband—precious legacies, now left entirely to her maternal guidance,—instead of administering comfort, in the bitterness of her grief, in her distrust, had caused her unutterable distress. They were for a time her heaviest calamities.

She now turns for consolation to her Bible. As she reads she is led to feel that God has taken this method to raise her thoughts and affections to himself. A ray of hope, that she may yet be happy in the love and care of a heavenly Father is kindled in her bosom.

She kneels in prayer. The words of the Savior are suggested to her mind.—"If ye love me, keep my commandments."

Her husband seems to bend from his high station and to say, "Dear wife, as you cherish my memory, be faithful in the training of our tender babes, so that we may meet at last in an unbroken family in heaven."

Her countenance now, for the first time, wears a smile. Her step becomes more elastic, as she reverts to her former happy lot; and though she still feels an indescribable pang, yet she is cheered by the hope, the assurance, that God will fulfill his promise; he will be her protector, her husband, "a father to the fatherless, the God and Judge" of the widow.

From this time forward she never for once loses sight of the sweet assurance she felt as she knelt in prayer, that the eye of the tender Shepherd would follow her and hers in all the devious paths of life—that her loving husband would never lose his interest in the wife of his bosom and the children of his own bowels.

She now felt that she had much to live for, much to hope for. Her affections were from this time centered in her children, as never before, and they gathered strength and vigor in proportion as she was cheered by their kindly smiles or dutiful attentions, and from her high resolves to train them for usefulness and for heaven.

It is thus that her mind acquires in a measure its wonted composure, and with gratitude and new devotion of soul, she is enabled once more to resume her varied duties.

True, she must forever realize that the widow's joys and sorrows are distinctly her own—peculiar to herself—and differing from all others. None else can share her joys or sorrows. The widow and the orphan, more than any other beings, painfully fulfill the declaration, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joys."

Sympathy, grateful sympathy, may be offered by friends, consolations and pecuniary means dispensed and tender regard manifested by kind relatives; and though these often prove great alleviations, still that lone sorrow must forever be hers, that none may know but those who have experienced it.

Happy is that bereaved one who has found comfort in the precious words of the poet,—

"Come ye disconsolate! where'er ye languish,
Come to the throne of God—servantly kneel—
Here bring your wounded hearts—here tell your anguish;

Earth hath no sorrows that Heaven cannot heal!"

There is a philosophy in the remark that "every man has in his own life, suffers enough—in his own mind, troubles enough—in the programme of his duties deficiencies enough—without being curious after the affairs of others."

FINGER-MARKS.

Some time since, a gentleman, residing at Cambridge, employed a mason to do some work for him, and among other things to thin the walls of one of his chambers. This thin whitening is almost colorless till dried. The gentleman was much surprised, on the morning after the chamber was finished, to find on the drawer of his bureau, standing in the room white finger-marks. Opening the drawer, he found the same marks on the articles in it, and also on a pocket-book. An examination revealed the same finger-marks on the contents of the wallet, proving conclusively that the mason, with his wet hands, had opened the drawer, searched the wallet, which contained no money, and then closed the drawer, without once thinking that any one would ever know it. The thin whitening, which chanced to be on his hand, did not show at first, and he probably had no idea that twelve hours' drying would reveal his attempt at deception. As the job was concluded on the afternoon the drawer was opened, the man did not come again, and to this day does not know that his acts are known to his employer.

Children, beware of evil thoughts and deeds! They have all finger-marks, which will be revealed at some time. If you disobey your parents, or tell a falsehood, or take what is not your own, you make sad finger-marks on your character. And so it is with any and all sin. It defiles the character. It betrays those who engage in it by the marks it makes on them. These marks may be almost if not quite colorless at first. But even if they should not be seen during any of your days on earth—which is not at all likely—yet there is a day coming in which all finger-marks or sin-marks on the character "will be made manifest."

Never suppose that you can do what is wrong without having a stain made on your character. It is impossible. If you injure another, you, by that very deed, injure your own self. If you disregard a law of God, the injury is sadly your own. Think of it, ever bear it in mind, children, that every sin you commit leaves a sure mark upon yourselves.

Your characters should bear a coating of pure truth. Let truthfulness ever be manifest. Beware of sin—and be sure your sin will find you out; for it makes finger-marks which, even should they not be seen by those around you on earth, will yet be seen, to your condemnation, at the bar of God.

French Fashions for Fall, 1853.

Silk dresses are trimmed with ribbons, of which there is an immense variety, some forming rows of stars, connected by an almost imperceptible cord; also rows of links or Greek designs which are now in great vogue. Velvet ornaments should always be a shade darker than the dress. Sometimes dresses are trimmed with velvet of a different color—for instance, stars of maroon velvet on gray, blue, or brown. All linen articles are worn remarkably rich and elegant. Chemises are made with a band round the neck, and very short sleeves fastened at the edges. Those intended to form a part of full dress have a piece embroidered or formed of insertions. Some forms are of a fancy kind, and are composed of *Bouillottes* enclosed between insertions, so arranged as to form a front piece. Nightgowns are also trimmed with embroidered bands in front, at the neck and wrists; others are more simple, with a turndown collar with small regular plaits and stitched hem, the ends of the sleeves to match, and the front in little plaits, sewed down. Petticoats are made with a wrist-band *en bias*, rounded in front; the back from the hips is drawn. The bottom of the petticoat is ornamented in a variety of ways; those to be worn with light dresses have regular or varied plaits, others are made with deep fluted flounces. When intended to be worn with thick dresses they have a deep embroidery in open work or satin stitch, or what is more in favor just now, in rich open work and satin embroidery mixed.—*Cor. Jour. of Com.*

What is a Mile.

We think that the question of "what is a mile?"—a question which promises to swallow up in interest the Eastern question and all other question which as yet remain unanswered—should be settled as soon as possible; for, until it is settled, we shall never be able to arrive at a proper settlement of the cab fares. This settlement is due—not only to the persons who ride in cabs—but to those who drive them, for there are so many varieties of a mile, and so many different ways of measuring it, that it is impossible to say which is the right one. For instance—

If a young lady walks round the corner of the street in which she lives, she comes home quite fatigued, and "is sure she has walked more than a mile."

If a husband is dragged—a little against his will—to a place where there happens to be a bonnet shop, though it is not more than twenty yards, he is morally certain "he has been taken a mile out of his way, if he has been taken an inch."

It is curious the number of miles a mother-in-law has walked when she feels depressed, poor creature, of having a cab—
Pencil.

The Term Yankee.

The following curious information respecting the origin of the term "Yankee" we find in a work written by William Gordon, on the history of our independence, and published in four octavo volumes at London, in 1788:

"It was a cant favorite word for Jonathan Hastings, of Cambridge, about 1713. Two aged ministers who were at college in that town, have told me they remembered it to have been then in use among the students, but had no recollection of it before that period. The inventor used it to express excellency. A Yankee good horse, or Yankee rider, the like, were an excellent good horse—an excellent rider.—The students used to hire horses of him; their intercourse with him, and his use of the term upon all occasions, led them to adopt it, and they gave him the name of Yankee John. He was a worthy, honest man, but no conjurer. This could not escape the notice of the collegiates. Yankee probably became a by-word among them to express a weak, simple, awkward person; was carried from the college with them when they left it; and was in that way circulated and established through the country, (as was the case in respect to *Hobson's choice*, by the students at Cambridge in Old England, till, from its currency in New England, it was at length taken up and unjustly applied to the New Englanders in common as a term of reproach."

Anecdote.

The following is said to be found in an ancient history of Connecticut:

"Soon after the settlement of the town of New Haven, several persons went over to what is now called the town of Milford, where, finding the soil very good, they were desirous to effect a settlement; but the premises were in the peaceable possession of the Indians, and some conscientious scruples arose as to the propriety of depositing and expelling them. To test the case a church meeting was called, and the matter was determined by solemn vote of that sacred body. After several speeches had been made in relation to the subject, they proceeded to pass votes—the first was the following: 'Voted, that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.' This passed in the affirmative, and 'Voted, that the earth is given to the saints.' This was also determined like the former—mem. con. 3d. Voted, we are the saints,' which passing without a dissenting voice, the title was considered indisputable, and the Indians were soon compelled to evacuate the place, and relinquish the possession to the right-ful owners."

Death in Childhood.

How true and exquisitely beautiful is the following impressive passage, which is taken from an article in the *Dublin University Magazine*: "Tome, few things appear so beautiful as a very young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding amongst the cold terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless, that little mortal has passed alone to dissolution. There is death in its sublimest and purest image; no hatred, no hypocrisy, no suspicion, no care for the morrow ever darkened that little face; death has come lovingly upon it; there is nothing cruel or harsh in its victory. The yearnings of love, indeed, cannot be too stifled; for the prattle, and smile, all the little world of thoughts that were so delightful, are gone forever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence, for we are looking on death, but we do not fear for the lonely voyager, for the child has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of its all-wise Father; and of such, we know is the kingdom of heaven."

The Gift.

One may judge of the spirit and disposition of a man by his ordinary gait and mien in walking. He who habitually pursues abstract thought, looks down on the ground. He is accustomed to sudden impulses, or is trying to seize upon necessary recollection, looks up with a kind of jerk. He who is a steady, cautious, merely practical man, walks on deliberately, his eyes straight before him; and, even in his most musing moods, observes things around sufficiently to avoid a porter's knock or a butcher's tray. But the man with strong ganglions of pushing, lively temperament, who, though practical, is yet speculative—the man who is envious and active, and ever trying to rise in life—sanguine, alert, bold—walks with a spring. Looks rather above the heads of his fellow-passengers, but with a quick, easy turn of his own, which is lightly set on his shoulders: his mouth is a little open; his eye is bright, rather restless, but penetrative; his port has something of defiance; his form erect, but without stiffness.

Good Advice.—Always do as the sun does, look at the bright side of things,—for while it is just as cheap, it is three times as good for digestion. The melancholy man don't even relish wedlock.

Which is the most feeling animal in creation?—
"The cat, because it is ever alive to the sound of wail."

Those beings are only fit for solitude who like solitude, are like solitude, and are liked by solitude.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamers Arctic and Africa have arrived at New York, bringing late dates. Turkish affairs are unchanged.

Nothing is yet known of the Cairo intentions in respect to the amended note on Turkey sent to the powers explanatory of the manifesto. It is reported that France had informed the Sultan that any further steps he takes are at his own peril, but on the whole, prospects are no worse than by last advices.

Nothing new from Great Britain. The harvest was prospering favorably.

The French government was using every means to keep down the prices of the grain markets, and all reported lower.

The Prussian government has concluded not to interfere with the grain prices in Prussia.

Lieut. Schwartz, notorious in the Costa affair, has been promoted.

The Turkish Gazette published the law authorizing the Saranlian Minister of Finance to carry out the conditions with the Transatlantic Company at Genoa, to establish steam communication between Sardinia and America.

Three new cases of Asiatic cholera had appeared in Liverpool.

General Sir Neal Douglas is dead.

There are several failures of second rate mercantile houses reported from Amsterdam, chiefly in the oil and corn trade.

The manufacturers and exporters in Paris continue to do a good business, but the storekeepers are nearly idle, this being the dull season for retail, and made still duller by the high price of provisions. The rise in the price of silks had been much felt by the manufacturers at Lyons and other places, but fortunately for them the large orders received from the United States enable them to keep their operatives employed.

The velvet manufacture has been active the past year.

The English papers reprint from the American Lord John Russell's manifesto on the tripartite guarantee of Cuba. The document is a surprise to the British public.

The trouble between the manufacturers and operatives continued.

The Emperor still at Dieppe.

The navigation dues are repealed till December on all vessels passing on French rivers or canals with corn.

The Roman territories are in a very disturbed state. The nominal cause, the scarcity of food.

Commodore Vanderbilt has arrived at the Bosphorus.

Nothing decisive on the Turkish question. The Czar's reply cannot arrive by courier for some days say the 15th, but the act that he has written to telegraph his reply had awakened symptoms of renewed activity, and had depressed British and French funds.

The answer, many yet think, will be peaceful.

It is rumored from Paris, on authority of the Russian embassy, that the Czar will refuse to accept the modifications emanating directly from the Porte.

The frigate Constitution was at Sierra Leone Aug. 17th.

All quiet in France, except insignificant bread riots at Brest and Dieppe.

A School Incident.—The following incident is taken from the Cincinnati Times. Four readers of the Times, the conduct of the noble boy and his teacher without a moment's check they can do more than see. It will be his reward with intense joy, and his reward, and those who know the venerable Dr. Reed, and those who may remember the parties spoken of.

The Doctor taught the Reading Grammar School, which was kept in the building now occupied by the city office. The Doctor is still living.

On the 10th inst. I attended the public school in the Reading Grammar School. Dr. Reed was on duty, and his patience at times would get nearly exhausted by the intrusion of the school rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in a rather wrathful way, he threatened to punish with a blow a very heavy fellow, the first detected in whispering, and appointed some as detectors. Shortly after one of these detected, named Master John Zeigler, was whispering. John was called up and asked if it was a fact that he was whispering. A fierce look of defiance and his schoolmates' eyes were fixed on him. He was not aware what I was about, I was standing in front of him, and requested that he also sit at his desk, to reach the desk, he had to pass me, and I wished to see.

The Doctor, in a very angry way, but told John he could not do that, to escape the punishment, and was told: "If I wish I could avoid it, but I am not without a forfeiture of my word, and the consequence is of my own free will." I will, continued John, if any three scholars you wish, choose to sit whether or not I quit the punishment. John said he would agree to that, and immediately called out G. S. T. D. and D. F. D. The Doctor told them to return a verdict, which they did, after consulting as follows: "The master's rule must be kept inviolate. John must receive the threatened punishment of six blows of the tattle." It must be inflicted on volunteer proxies, and we arbitrators will share the punishment by receiving two blows each." John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the Doctor and said: "I will not be struck a blow, I will receive the punishment." The Doctor, under protest of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, said he would think of it. I believe he did think of it, and the next day, but the punishment never was inflicted.

A Violent Gale.—Yesterday, at the Merchants Exchange Reading Room, we saw a portion of the wreckage of the clipper ship Marchess, which returned to this port Sunday, having experienced a severe hurricane on the 21st. She was bound for San Francisco. The gale was from the south for four hours, carrying away all three masts, and swept the deck of every movable thing. On Sunday she was towed up by the R. B. Forbes. The portion of sail affords ample evidence of the violence of the gale. There is not a piece of it that will measure an eighth of a yard square, but it is torn literally to shreds, and twisted and tied in such a manner that it defies inspection and patience to unravel it. The knots are as tightly drawn as could have been by machinery, and the folds have the hardness of iron. It is difficult for a landsman to believe it the result of a gale.

Singular Death.—A child ten months old, died in the cars recently, on the London and Western Railway. It had ridden in charge of its mother, all night in the third class carriage, on its mother's knees the whole time. It was decided upon a coroner's jury that it had been suffocated from the foul air in the car.

A colored man, who undertook to get a statement from the late John Jay, has been given away in New York, and is now on his way to New York on day lines.

BY THE MAIL.

A THRILLING SCENE.—A few days since, as the express train for Baltimore was passing the vicinity of Naaman's creek, at the rate of forty miles an hour, a horrifying sight was witnessed by those having charge of the train. A man apparently a fisherman, holding one of the chairs close by, who was laboring under mania, had thrown himself upon the rails for the purpose of self-destruction; but two females having drawn him off, were engaged in a dreadful struggle to prevent his again throwing himself before the train. One had a deadly grip of his legs, while the other was kneeling upon his breast, as the iron horse went thundering by, just grazing her clothing; indeed so close was she, that her own escape from instant death was most imminent. The whole scene occupied but an instant, and scarcely any of the passengers were aware of the calamity that had been impending. Those who witnessed it were horror struck, knowing the impossibility to prevent the destruction of all three, if the man succeeded in struggling only a few inches nearer the rail.

Philadelphia Ledger.

THE WRECK OF THE STEAMER ERIC.—The steamer Eric, which returned from the wreck of the steamer Erie, off Green Creek. The celebrated diver, John Green, and his partner, Mr. Quigley, came down on the Southern. From the former, we learn that they anchored over and commenced operations on the wreck of the Erie on Monday. Mr. Green descended in his diving apparatus and remained under water four hours. He succeeded in placing a chain around the bow of the vessel and making it fast to a buoy. He also fastened a chain around the boiler, and his partner placed a third chain around the stern of the vessel. She lay on a hard bottom, and no doubts are entertained but that she will be raised. Mr. Green brought up with him several lumps of silver that had been melted, which he found near the engine. As soon as weather permits, Mr. Bishop's derick will be brought from Grand River, and an attempt made to raise her.

Buffalo Repub.

JOHN L. CHAPMAN.—According to the coroner's jury the murder of Reuben Cozzens in Sherborn on Wednesday evening—was arrested on Thursday evening in the barn of his brother-in-law, Benjamin Twichell, about a mile from the scene of the murder. His examination will take place on Tuesday next at the town hall in Framingham. Twenty-eight culprits were on being taken. He confesses that he called on Mr. Cozzens, as stated, but pays the murder to a nameless companion. He was in a wretched plight, shoeless, half-dressed, and wet. His shoes were found in a swamp, and a hat belonging to Mr. Leland, with whom he had lately been at work, was found in the chamber where he had the struggle with Richard Jordan, the Irishman in Mr. Cozzens's employ. Mr. C. was seventy years old, and had about 2500 in the house—the temptation for this horrible crime.

KEEP AWAY!—KEEP AWAY!—The howl of Association of New Orleans have addressed a note of warning to such of the inhabitants of that ill-fated city, as are sojourning here at the north, which, for our own sakes, we trust, will be scrupulously obeyed. The fever, the Association say, is dying out, but only for the lack of material to feed upon. As an evidence that it has not lost its virulence, it is terrible, the Association point to the fact that it is isolating quite as relentlessly as ever the towns and villages of the surrounding country, where the population is fresh and plenty. There is no reasonable doubt that the epidemic would break out again, if strangers and absentees hurry back before a frost has set in, and of that, there is no probability (the Committee say) till about the latter part of October, until then, therefore, it is prudent to keep away.

FALL RIVER WIDOWERS.—Disaster seems to be written on the whaling operations in this town. With every facility for carrying on the business profitably, yet, through some means or other, the voyages fail to bring any pecuniary benefit to the owners. Last week the D. M. Hall arrived with a small freight. She returned home on account of the indisposition of the captain. The Emily, out only 14 months—returned, on Monday last, with a small freight, on account of a difficulty between the captain and crew. Her former voyage amounted to nothing. The men mutinied, and the captain confined them in the hold and brought them home. A portion of the original crew deserted, and were shipped in their places.—F. R. Monitor.

PERPETUAL THIRST.—The Boston Medical Association of last night says that there is a man in Fairhaven, Mr. James Webb, aged 52, who, in an fancy, has lived in a state of perpetual thirst. Under ordinary circumstances, three gallons of water is rather a short daily allowance for him, and it would be impossible it seems for him to live through the night with less than a pailful. With this amount of cold water daily poured into the stomach, Mr. Webb has been in good health and spirits.

A party on the Mount Washington, on a very fine morning, a short time since, counted one hundred and sixty sail of vessels on the blue Atlantic, the spires of the churches in the city of Portland, eighty or ninety miles distant, were distinctly visible; four forty lakes, including Winoosque and Moose Head, lay like gems of molten silver set in emerald.

GENIUS AND APPLICATION.—It is related of the great Audubon, lately deceased, that he believed a man could make himself what he pleased by labor; and that by a proper use of every moment of time, the mind might be kept improving to the end of life.

MARTIN KOSTA, it is said, was to leave Smyrna in one of the first American vessels for Boston or New York. The Porte has demanded the dismissal of Weekbecker, the Austrian Consul, who arrested him so brutally in Smyrna.

THE LOWELL MILLS.—We learn from the Lowell Courier that the Directors of the several manufacturing corporations in Lowell have united in working their mills to eleven hours a day.

The cattle train which came down over the Boston, Concord, and Montreal Railroad on Monday night consisted of one hundred and twenty-five cars, loaded with cattle and sheep.

It is calculated that the loss to trade and industry in France, by the uncertainty as to the Western question, is more than the cost of a year's campaign.

The American Methodists, according to a statement in their official journal, have built churches at the rate three per week, and provided homes for the same at the rate of one a day, during the past sixty years.

ANCIENT CANON.—We have had the pleasure of seeing a very antique piece of ordnance, brought by Gov. Seymour from Mexico. It was found at the castle at the city of Mexico, where about twenty pieces of the same character had been deposited. When the munitions of the castle were redelivered to the Mexicans, a present was made to Col. Seymour of this curious piece. It is not more than eighteen inches in length, while the diameter of the interior of the muzzle or bore is as much as five inches. It is made of welded iron, with several strong iron bands encircling it, some of which pass through the small irregular shaped piece of wood, in which the canon is imbedded, and are riveted with screws firmly on the under side. No recoil could detach the piece from the block of wood to which it is attached. This block is of old oak, very strong and quite discolored by age. We doubt whether Mexico contains a species of oak of similar firm and strength. The pieces were unobviously used on board small vessels and on the benches of boats, to throw bits of iron and stones at an enemy.

The Mexicans have no tradition respecting the origin of the pieces. They have been in the castle beyond record. Antiquarians conjecture that they might have been cannon employed by Cortez on board his ships, and used on the causeways in his attack on Mexico. They unquestionably are of great antiquity. When Cortez landed his brigantines on the Mexican Lake, according to Prescott, vol. iii, page 89, he had fifteen falconets, or small pieces of artillery, but they were made of brass, and the cannon which Cortez carried for the subsequent defence of Mexico were made of the copper of the country.

Harford Times.

SAD AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—We learn from Mr. Heald, one of the obliging conductors of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, that about two o'clock, on Monday afternoon, Mr. George E. A. Freeland, of Hopkinton, went to a pasture to catch a horse, and while leading the animal home, he for some unknown reason wound the halter, a small rope, around his waist, and as it is supposed the horse took fright and ran, dragging Mr. F. by the rope, how far he was dragged is unknown; but the horse in his flight jumped a wall, where the rope was broken, and Mr. Freeland fell beside of the wall, with the remaining piece of rope around him as we have described. He was found some three hours afterwards, but he was extinct; and his head was shockingly mangled. Mr. F. was not quite 21 years of age, and was a brother of Mr. Charles W. Freeland of this city.

Worcester Trans.

COAL AGAINST SINKING.—Professor Henry, President of the Mechanics' Institute of Washington, says: "It has been proved that, on an average, four ounces of coal are sufficient to draw, on a railroad, one ton a mile. It has also been found on experiment that a man working on a treadmill, continually for eight hours, will elevate one and one-half millions of pounds one foot high. Now good Cornish engines will perform the same work by the expenditure of a pound and a half of coal. It follows from these data that about 5 tons of coal would involve as much power during its combustion as would be equal to the continued labor of an able bodied man for 20 years, at the rate of eight hours per day; or, in other words, to the average power of a man during the active period of his life."

"SOLITARY AND ALONE."—The Philadelphia Inquirer says Col. Benton is now seventy-one years old, and adds: "We saw him the other day on the pavement near his house in Washington. He is the youngest looking man of seventy we have ever seen; rather fuller in habit and broader than he used to appear. He wears his hat with a knowing expression, a little on the left side, walks with a deliberate and measured tread, having something like pride in its seeming—something that bespeaks a consciousness that he is Thomas Hart Benton. He feels his powers, and so does his country, and so will it ever. His mark will be left upon the era of his life. Few men of equal intellectual power and knowledge have appeared on this stage of action."

THE JAPAN EXTORTION WAS, at the latest date, in the neighborhood of Loo Choo Islands, awaiting the arrival of the Pouchong. According to the Hong Kong papers, the Emperor of Russia is resolved to share the glory of forcing open the sealed doors of Japan. His armament in the China seas, according to these authorities, is for that object; and is not, as has been stated, a squadron of observation, designed to check and control the movements of our fleet. Three vessels—the Pallas, of 52 guns; the Daima, of 19 guns, and the Vostok, of 4 guns, were to sail from Hong Kong early in August, to join the American fleet and cooperate in the "overtures."

WINDFALL.—Rev. Mr. Clawson, of the Methodist Protestant Church, who in many places is called the "wild man," in consequence of his eccentricities, is left heir to an estate in England valued at one million of dollars. Mr. C. was very poor, and had to struggle thus far with a large and dependent family. The estate comes to him by his wife, and the business is so completely settled up that he can draw the amount through bankers either at New York or Philadelphia. He is travelling through a circuit near Clarkburg, in Western Virginia.—Uniontown (Pa.) Dem.

From Mexico we have news to the 9th ult. Santa Anna continues his high handed measures, executing all persons on the slightest suspicions and without warning. It is believed another revolution will follow his tyrannical course. Our minister, Mr. Gadsden, was well received. Passengers from Mexico say that Santa Anna has already raised an army of 50,000 men, the finest ever known in Mexico. He is assisted, it is believed, by Spanish subjects.

He continues to send troops to the frontier, ostensibly to repel the Indians.

A Mr. Robinson, a man much respected and justice of the Peace, near Milford, Ohio, was killed last week in a singular manner. Mr. R. for some cause, was whipping his dog, when the animal turned upon him and caught him by the throat. While the dog held him in this position, his wife ran to the wood-pile, and with the axe aimed a blow at the dog, but at the moment she struck they turned, and the blow fell upon the head of her husband, which killed him in a few minutes. Mrs. R. is nearly deranged in consequence.

FROM TEXAS.—Galveston dates to the 16th are received. It is reported that Major Arnold, commanding at Fort Worth, was killed by Dr. Steiner, the fort surgeon, in a general encounter. The details by a general average is per day, and at Houston 5 per day. The accounts of the crops are favorable.

NEW STEAMER.—It is stated in the New York papers that a new steamer is building for the Bay State Line at Greenport, L. I.—The Journal of Commerce states that the keel timbers, which are fourteen inch square, will be 332 feet long; length of vessel, on deck 345 feet; depth of hold 16 feet, making a total measurement of 2300 tons, which is larger than any steamboat ever built.—The frame timbers are to be carried up two decks, and straps of heavy iron plate, similar to those used in the construction of large class ocean steamships, are to be run from the keelson to the upper deck, instead of stopping at the tops of the frames. The boat will thus be prepared to encounter the most severe weather. She will have two tiers of state rooms, and the saloons are to be arched over, without any stanchions or posts to obstruct the promenade or intercept the view. The upper saloon will be covered by a grand dome, and will form a gorgeous apartment. The state rooms will be one hundred and twelve in number, affording accommodations for passengers such as, in point of capacity, no boat hitherto constructed, has ever possessed."

A SIMPLE CURE FOR STAMMERING.—Mr. Wakefield, at an inquest held lately in England, states that a few days before, the summoning officer told him it would be useless to call one witness, a lad, because he stammered so excessively that he could hardly articulate the shortest sentence in half a minute. Mr. Wakefield, however, had him called, and telling him that a shot would not be discharged from a gun without powder, so words could not come from the mouth unless the lungs had their power, viz. air. He told the lad to inhale air, and draw his breath strongly—the boy having done so, Mr. W. asked him—"Can you talk now?"

"The boy, to the surprise of the jury, answered immediately and glibly—"Yes, sir, I can, well."

The coroner added that inhalation or self-inflation of the lungs with air, was a sure remedy for stammering, and though he had been discovered long ago, the Faculty had not until lately, and then only a few of them, caused it to be practised as a remedy for defective articulation.

EXHIBITION OF HORSES.—A national exhibition of horses will be held at Springfield, Mass., Oct. 19, to continue through four days, at which horse breeders and fanciers will have an opportunity of presenting their various animals for competition, and premiums. The movement is referred to the present management of that road.

Mr. Spencer moved that the report be referred to a special committee with instructions to report at this session an act for the more effectual security of passengers travelling on railroads; which motion prevailed, and Messrs. Spencer, Titus, and John H. Weedon were appointed said committee. Adjourned.

NEWPORT, Wednesday, Sept. 21.

SENATE.—An act incorporating the Franklin Lyceum, and an act incorporating the Lyceum Building Corporation, were read and passed.

Sundry accounts against the State were referred to the Committee on Accounts.

The Senate concurred in the vote of the House granting the prayer of the petition of John J. Tillaghsall for discharge from liability upon reorganization, an act passed for that purpose. Adjourned.

HOUSE.—The Committee on Finance, to whom was referred the petition of John J. Tillaghsall, of Providence, from a reorganization, made a report granting the prayer therein; and a resolution in accordance therewith was read and passed.

Mr. A. V. Potter, of Providence, submitted the following resolution: Resolved, That it is the sense of this General Assembly, that the constitution of this State ought to be amended by the abolition of the registry tax, provided for in said constitution.

After a long debate the question recurring: Shall the resolution pass? The House was called, and the vote was as follows: Ayes 49. Nays 19.

The Committee on Education, reported an act incorporating the First Baptist Society in Wickford; which was read and passed.

The committee on Corporations, reported an act amending the charter of the Providence Foot and Shoe Manufacturing Company, which was read and passed.

An appropriation of \$200 was made to complete certain repairs upon the jail in the county of Newport. Adjourned.

NEWPORT, Thursday, Sept. 22.

SENATE.—Petition of Frances Boudin, for sale of real estate, was granted, and act passed.

Resolution appointing a committee to examine the clerk's offices in the county of Providence, read and passed.

Petition of E. R. Potter, administrator, to sell mortgage, read, concurred and act passed.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

NEWPORT, Tuesday Sept. 20. SENATE.—The Senate met at ten o'clock, A. M. His Excellency Gov. Dimond in the chair.

The resignation of Charles H. Mason, Esq., as Clerk of the Senate, was read and accepted.

A communication was read from Hon. Philip Allen, accepting the office of United States Senator, to which he was elected at the May Session of the General Assembly, and consequently resigning the office of Governor of this State.

It was proposed to proceed in the election of Clerk of the Senate, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Charles H. Mason, Esq., but the election was finally postponed until the afternoon session.

Lucius C. Ashley was elected Clerk of the Senate, in place of Charles H. Mason, Esq., resigned.

Communication of Thomas F. Carpenter, Esq., declining to serve as counsel for the State in matter of the bill in equity of Massachusetts against the State Road and ordered to be communicated to the House of Representatives.

House.—The House met at ten o'clock, and after the roll had been called, a most fervent prayer was offered by Rev. Henry Jackson.

The Committee on Corporations, reported an act amending the charter of the Providence Iron Company; which was read and passed.

A report was received from Railroad Commissioners relative to the condition of railroads in this State, and especially to the recent accident on the Providence and Worcester Railroad. The Commissioners are very severe in their remarks upon the present management of that road.

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Petition of Edward S. Allen for sale of real estate, read, concurred and act passed. Adjourned.

HOUSE.—The Committee on Real Estate, reported an act authorizing Edmund S. Allen, a minor, to convey certain real estate in the town of Bristol; which was read and passed.

The same committee, reported an act authorizing Elisha R. Potter, administrator, to sell mortgage; which was read and passed.

The Committee on the Judiciary, reported an act authorizing Joseph Wood, administrator, to sell an interest in a certain cotton factory in the town of Smithfield; which was read and passed.

The same committee, reported an act authorizing Rachel H. Barrington, of the city of New York, to sell and convey an interest which she has in a certain estate belonging to her late father, Charles M. Thurston, of Newport, which was read and passed.

The same committee, reported an act changing the name of Joseph Allen Hicks of Gloucester, to that of Joseph Allen Landers; which was read and passed.

The same committee, reported an act legalizing the erection of a certain wooden building in Providence, by Alexander Duncan; which was read and passed.

Newport Mercury.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 24, 1853.

It must have been gratifying to every lover of the Arts, who visited the late exposition of the State Industrial Society, to witness this, the first attempt to get together a creditable collection of works of art. With many difficulties in the way, the greatest of which was the want of a suitable place for the display, the Committee succeeded to an extent that warrants the belief that this State will have at no distant day an Art-Association of her own, properly endowed and offering to the public a permanent gallery, opened at all hours and at all seasons. Of the plan for the promotion of this desirable object, now nearly matured, we shall take another opportunity to speak. At present we shall confine our remarks to the late collection.

The number of pictures brought together through the industry and zeal of the committee, was larger than we had reason to expect on so short a notice. Many of these were the work of Rhode Island Artists, but many more were either imported pictures or the work of American Artists of other States, at home or abroad.

One of the finest specimens of art in the room, was a bust of Judge Pitman, by Annable, a young sculptor, residing in Providence. It is in marble, and is unmistakably the work of a man of genius; one who has evidently had no opportunity of studying the antique, but who, through that indomitable perseverance which was the foundation of Greenough's and Power's success, has produced a bust, the excellencies of which surprise all who have given it the attention it merits. Sculpture has received but little encouragement in this country, and for this reason our finest artists have had to reside abroad, and look to foreigners for much of their support.

This naturally springs from a lack of knowledge of what constitutes the beautiful in this noble art, and generations must pass away before a general taste for sculpture is created in the United States; but we hope that Rhode Island will see that the talent so far matured on her soil is fostered and sustained until it is fully expanded.

Among the portraits exhibited there were a number by Mr. Mathewson. One needed not to be told that they were all from the same pencil, and we can readily believe them to be faithful likenesses, that of Bishop Henshaw excepted. Mr. Mathewson's great want is freedom and freshness of color. A bold hand and a dash of strong color would effect wonders in his pictures, which are now too tame. Freedom in execution is only the result of long practice, and it should always give rank to excellency in drawing, but when there is a tolerable degree of proficiency in the latter, then it should be a great aim with the painter to handle his materials freely.

Among the other portraits there were two by an artist in or near Pawtucket, which were well drawn, but the color was very objectionable. As pictures they were very far superior to the two portraits of Webster, the one by Kock, the other by Foster. These were excellent. Foster's looked like a surly bull dog; Kock's, professedly, a copy of Harding's picture, has the appearance of approaching dissolution. The color, it is true, is too florid for one whose breath is fleeting, but the face is emaciated, the nose is pinched, and death seems inevitable.

Foster had one admirable picture on the wall; it was the head of a "River Driver"; not a very choice subject, but it was treated with skill, well colored, and altogether in keeping.

Of Crayon Drawings there were a variety, some of which showed a considerable degree of skill in handling, though not always a display of judgment in the selection of subjects to copy.

Of Crystalotypes and daguerres, there was a very fine collection exhibited by Manchester and Chapin. Many of these equalled anything of the kind we remember to have seen.

Some of the pictures entered for exhibition, but not for competition, were worthy of note. There was one near the east door of the central room, of "The Saviour intrusting the Keys to St. Peter," a picture possessing many good points, but it is not what it professes to be, a genuine Rubens. It offers not a single characteristic of that great master, and in coloring it is infinitely below his ordinary works. There is one peculiarity in the pictures of Rubens, which, when once understood, is a sufficient guide to those who cannot master his stronger points—the flesh of all his subjects seems to have been beaten with cords of blue, yellow and red. No one used cold or with greater freedom or purity, and no pictures are more readily recognized.

Another large picture near the above was a full length portrait of Pino Nino, recently arrived in this country. A good likeness as far as one may judge from the appearance of accuracy in the execution, and is quite as attractive as this class of pictures usually are.

A group of children by Ingraham received considerable attention, which it merited. The three, a girl, boy and younger brother, are evidently portraits, and together make a charming picture.

The picture directly under it was painted by Lang, of Philadelphia. It represents a group of Neapolitan peasants in repose, and is altogether inferior to some of his other works; for instance, the Venetian Bride, which attracted so much attention during his sojourn in Rome.

On the same side there was a picture without a frame, by Geo. L. Brown. A moonlight scene, and possessing the striking peculiarities of this painter. Brown is an artist of rare powers, but it is no less true that he is often extremely careless, an evidence of which can be found in the specimen of his work alluded to.

In a dark corner stood a picture by Cole; a sketch we should rather have called it.

for it has not that finish about it that would entitle it to be called anything more. It represents a scene in the Catskill Mountains, and was thrown off by Cole to confound the Italians, (the winter he painted in Rome) who could not understand the effect ascribed to our autumnal foliage. The sky and distant mountains are beautifully executed, and the whole effect is charming. It should have had a more conspicuous position.

Before closing this article we intended to have noticed other pictures that were worthy of attention. There was a picture by Muhe, of "The Good Shepherd," characteristic of the German school; one of the Madre Dolorosa after Sassoferrato, &c., &c. But we have no more space at command, and must close with the remark that we hope in future years a greater share of attention will be paid the Fine Arts in Rhode Island.

We have received the reports of the Committees appointed by Aquidneck Agricultural Society, on the various articles exhibited at their Annual Fair in Middletown, on the 7th and 8th inst., from which we extract the following:—

Fat Cattle.—Here were but two pair of fat cattle on the ground; to John Barker the first premium; to John M. Anthony the second.

PAPER WAREHOUSE.

Cyrus W. Field & Co.,
COMMISSIONERS WHOLESALE,
No. 11 Cliff Street,
NEW YORK.

Are Sole Agents in the United States for
Vesperatt's superior Bleaching Powder.
Muskrat Mills Celebrated Writing Papers.
Russell's Superior " " "
Bawlin & Sons' English Tissue " "
First quality Ultramarine Blue

And are also Agents for the principal Paper Manufacturers in this country, and offer for Sale by far the most extensive and valuable stock of Paper and Paper Manufacturers' Materials that can be found in this or any other country.

They occupy the large and commodious Warehouses Nos. 11 Cliff Street, 7 Cliff Street, No. 184 Christopher Street, and the Lofts over the large Iron Stores, 7 and 9 Cliff St.

Their business is strictly wholesale, and Writing Papers are sold by the ton.

Their extraordinary facilities enable them to offer all goods, both Foreign and Domestic, at the lowest possible prices.

Paper made to order, any size or weight.—Liberal advances made on consignments of Paper. Paper Makers' stock and other merchandise.

The highest market price paid for each for all kinds of Paper.

July 2—ly.

FAMILY BAKERY.

OUR SUBSCRIBER, grateful for past favors, takes pleasure in making known to his numerous friends and the public generally, that he has purchased the well known

FAMILY BAKERY,
and Treatery Store,

presently occupied by Mr. D. Goffe, where he is now prepared to carry on the business on an extended scale; and begs to assure them that he will furnish all kinds of

BREADS AND CAKES,

of the best quality, wholesale and retail, at the lowest rates. Families who have been in the habit of purchasing their bread of Mr. Goffe, it they please will continue to patronize the Establishment.

April 2.—tf ISAAC S. BOSS.

N. R. Customers who have been in the habit of purchasing from my store before removal, can no longer supply by Benj. Marner, 24, at his store a few doors South of my old stand.

NEW SONGS.—The Moomlight Rider, by
N. E. Brigham. —**Do Miss Tea at Home answer**
—**Do They Miss me at Home, The Mountaineer's**

German, and English, World, Yes, 'tis true that thy Katy now is Sleeping, Complain to Katy Drinker, by James Agnes May, Bailed, by Henry Tucker, Mechanics, Schiz, by B. Brown; Come to the Forest, for Two Voices, by T. Bricker; Knock on my Lute, by Geo. Halsey; The Ship of Fate, by T. Bricker; Good Night, Farewell, by Charles A. Good staunch, Ship, by L. Marshall Love the Sea, by L. Marshall, for sale by
W. H. PEEK,
99 Thames street.

COAL AT 95 25 PER TON.
A good freaching coal, at \$2 25 per ton, for sale by the subscriber, on credit opposite the out of Mary st.
sept 5. W J SWINBURNE.

Fresh ground Graham Flour, for sale at the Steam Grid Mill, and store of
Aug. 13. J. H. & G. W. PERRY.

SHUTTERS.
FRESH ISLAND BUTTER, packed in balls constantly on hand and for sale by
BARBER & ROONE,
June 18. South Side Market Square.

PLASTER HAIR
800 BUSHETS superior quality Plaster Hair, put up in grass bags, 5 to 12 bushels, of two qualities:—Catt's and Gents, for sale on consignment by
BARBER & ROONE,
June 18. South Side Market Square.

FRENCH WINE VINEGAR, for sale by
June 18. NEWTON BROTHERS.

CATS.
2000 BUSHELS North River and Pennsylvania Oats, just received, and for sale by
BARBER & ROONE,
June 13. South Side Market Square.

CANTON GINGER, just received and for sale low at
June 4. CARRE'S 171 Thames st.

New Goods.
OPENING daily something new in Gaces—En broidiers—Ribbons and Fancy Goods at
WM. C. COZZENS & CO.
Aug. 13. No. 12 Thames street.

Utrate of Magnesia.—The Solution of Utrate Magnesia prepared every day at
Aug. 13. R. F. TAYLORS.

Black Lace Capes and Mantl es.
A SMALL ASSORTMENT, for sale by
Jy 2. F. LAWTON & BROTHERS.

Butchers Frocking, at
Sept 3. J. H. HAMMETT'S.

Essence of Coffee.—A fresh supply of R Hammett's premium Essence of Coffee for sale by
NEWTON BROTHERS.

Sandal Wood BARS.
A SMALL LOT of rich pattern of these highly desirable Fans, just received by
E. H. TISDALE & SON.
August 2. 133 Thames st.

PROVISIONS.
CORNED BEEF AND PORK, Smoked Beef, Ham, Shoulders and Bacon, English Herring, Pickled Salmon, Shad, Cod, Sounds and Tongues, Mackerel, &c, at
PARADE CORNER GROCERY,
Aug. 2. 65 & 68 Thames St.

Wares, of the most celebrated Brands; and to send to any part up in the country constant

on hand and for sale by
July 9. NEWTON BROTHERS.

New Wheat Flour, extra and premium
N flour, from new wheat, just received at 23
Broad st.
sept 7. CORNELL & DENNIS

FLOUR.

250 BBLS CROTON, Hiram Smith, and Rich-
ardson, and others, choice brands,
just received and for sale by
FARMER & BOONE,
June 18. South Side Market Square.

Gentlemen's Silk Undershirts, for sale
(at) (55) C. W. TURNER'S.

White and Colored Kid Gloves.
GENTLEMEN'S White and Colored Kid Gloves,
of a superior quality, just received by
August 11. WM. C. COZZENS & CO.

New Fall Goods, opening at
Aug. 30. J. H. HAMMETT'S.

Cottrell & Bryer,
Dealers and Manufacturers of FURNITURE,
No. 73 CHURCH STREET CORNER of Division.
Furniture of every description constantly on
hand. April 30—1y.

Hams, Beet, &c. &c.—All kinds of salt
and smoked provisions, just the things for a
poor appetite, this hot weather.
H. H. YOUNG,
July 14. Parade corner.

ELEGANT EMBROIDERIES.

A beautiful style of New French Embroideries,
such as Chemiselets, Collars, Sleeves, &c.,
Also, Cambric and Muslin Edgings and In-
sertings, in every variety and finish, just opened
and for sale by WM. C. COZZENS & CO.
June 4.

NEW DRESS GOODS.

NEW styles of moos de laines, cashmeres, and
plaid run wools, for sale by
sept 3. C. W. TURNER'S. 81 and 83 Thames st.

Merinoes, lyones cloths, and Alpaca, at
Sept 1. J. H. HAMMETT'S

CORN & FLOUR.

1000 Bushels of Fine Maryland Corn. 50
1000 lbs extra and a portion of the same
just received and for sale at the Southern and
residence of J. H. & G. W. PERRY.
sept 7.

Rosemary.
Take the sweetest of names and the fairest of flowers.
Combine them, and lo, what a treasure is ours!
For blooming in winter, when earth is all dreary
We find with delight the green fragrant Rosemary.
Its dark slender leaves with an essence is filled,
Which, when from its secret recesses distilled,
And combined with an Oil of quality rare
(As by Spalding) is just the right thing for the hair.
And Spalding esteems it no more than a duty,
This offering to lay on the toilet Beauty,
For ladies and Time's bad effects all may foil
By the use of his Castor and Rosemary Oil.

ROSEMARY

AND CASTOR OIL.
Are decidedly the best and nicest Toilet article for improving the hair in the world.
THEREFORE USE THEM IF YOU WISH

- 1st—To beautify the hair.
- 2d—To curl the hair elegantly.
- 3d—To remove the dandruff effectually.
- 4th—To restore the hair to its natural color.
- 5th—To prevent a beautiful appearance.
- 6th—To prevent the hair from falling off.
- 7th—To cure all diseases of the scalp.
- 8th—To dress the hair elegantly.
- 9th—To cure the headache.
- 10th—To kill the hair eaters.
- 11th—To dress children's hair elegantly.

All genuine will have the signature of the Manufacturer and Proprietor.

J. RUSSELL SPALDING.
DORCHESTER AND RUTLAND, 23 TREMONT ROW,
Opposite Museum, Boston, Mass.

Trial bottles 25 cents only; very large bottles, 75 cents only.

Sold by Agents everywhere; remarkable terms given to dealers.

Sold in New York by Hazard & Caswell, R. J. Taylor, and by dealers generally.

July 7th, 1883.—3m.

REMOVAL!!

NEW STORE & NEW GOODS.

STEPHEN HAMMETT.

DEALER IN FASHIONABLE

READY MADE CLOTHING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, would inform

his customers and the public in general that

he has removed from No. 212 to the new and

spacious store

NO. 174 THAMES STREET.

(a few doors North of the United States Hotel),

where a full and complete assortment of Fashionable

Ready Made Clothing and Furnishings of

every description has just been received and

will be sold at all times on reasonable

terms. He also has a large stock of

HATS & CAPS.

TRUNKS, Valises, Carpet Bags, Umbrellas, and

all other goods usually kept in a general

outfitting establishment. Please call and examine

yourself at the new store

No. 174 THAMES STREET.

Newport, April 30.

STEAM MILL.

THE SUBSCRIBERS wish to call the attention

of their friends and the public generally

to the establishment on Danner street, where

they keep on hand and are constantly making

capping, and Moulding of every description;

Planing and Sawing of all kinds of lumber;

Plank, Boards and Clapboards. All work

warranted.

Orders left with Messrs. Parsons will

receive attention.

GIDRON LAWTON & CO.

Newport, Sept. 4, 1882.—1

Import Water Cure.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT, situated on the

Point, is now open for the reception of

patients. Arrangements have also been made

to accommodate persons who wish to take

treatment at the establishment. Dr. Rich will

continue to attend patients in town.

TERMS: For treatment and board \$10 per

week; for treatment alone, from \$3 to \$5

per week, both to be paid weekly. For consultation

and prescriptions, from \$1 to \$5. Single

visits \$1, deductions being made where a number

of visits are necessary, and also according to

the circumstances of patients. The poor treated

without any charge.

Newport, May 14, 1883. DR. W. F. REH

Ocean Cottage.

THE SUBSCRIBERS having fitted up and

put in complete order this delightful summer

retreat, are prepared to receive and entertain

their numerous friends and the public—

they have made arrangements to furnish

breakfast and luncheon at all times at the

shortest notice, and will pay particular

attention to the reception and entertainment of

ladies and gentlemen, and the public may rest

assured that no pains will be spared to make

the stay of all who visit the beach.

HENRY M. BROWNELL, JAMES TRUNDY.

Fashionable Tailoring Establishment

NO. 108 THAMES STREET.

The subscriber, would respectfully invite the

attention of the public to his fashionable

assortment of new winter goods

consisting in part of

BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS,

which will be sold at moderate prices, or made

into garments of the latest styles, in the most

thorough manner.

WILLIAM B. SWAN.

Newport, Jan. 1, 1883.

HENRY H. YOUNG.

WEST INDIA GOODS, CHOICE FAMILY

GROCERIES, SMOKE PROVISIONS,

Flour, Sugar, Tea, Wines, Fruit, Ham,

and Principles Cakes, Pine Oil & Fluid,

Confectionery, Fancy Goods, &c.

No. 64 & 66 Thames Street, corner Parade, opposite

the Court House.

Goods sold at a moderate profit and sent by

any part of the town free.

NEW SUMMER GOODS.

WM. C. OZZEN'S & CO.

HAVE opened during the past week a new

and beautiful assortment of Summer Goods

embracing every variety of the most desirable

styles, in Dress Goods, Shawls, Ribbons, &c.

June 4.

FOR SALE.

A VERY GOOD Second hand Carriage that

will sell for four can be purchased low by making

application to

PARADE CORNER.

French and London Mustard, &c.

by J. B. NEWTON BROTHERS.

RAISINS, in whole, half and quarter boxes, for

sale by NEWTON BROTHERS.

Fresh Strawberries, and Pine Apples, this day

received at PARADE CORNER.

June 4.

Shawnee's Sugar House Syrup of the best

quality for sale by

NEWTON BROTHERS.

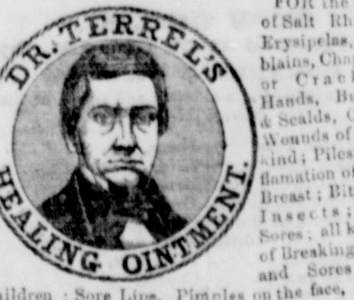
10 CANS FOR ONE DOLLAR. Good quality

of the above low price, at

PARADE CORNER CROCKERY.

Aug. 1.

THE WONDER OF THE AGE.



DR. TERRELL'S

HEALING OINTMENT.

FOR THE CURE OF Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Chills, Blains, Chapped Hands, Burns, Wounds of all kinds; Piles; Inflammation of the Breast; Rites of the Face; Old Sores; all kinds of breaking out, and Sore Lips, Pimples on the face, and all diseases of the skin.

For particulars see small bills accompanying each box.

27, 30,000 boxes sold in New England the past year, and gave universal satisfaction.

The great success of the popularity of this Ointment lies in the fact that it accomplishes all it is recommended to do; and that it does not recommend it to cure anything but what from the nature of the ingredients, it is an infallible specific, while other preparations of the kind are recommended to cure every disease that human flesh is heir to, from Consumption down to the bite of a flea, when, in fact, all the medical properties they contain are lost.

Published in the praise.

I invite those troubled with the above complaints, (particularly Salt Rheum,) to take a box and try it, and you will not be fully satisfied, unless it cures your malady.

N. B.—I have hundreds of testimonials I can show any one who feels disposed to call on me and satisfy himself of the virtues of the Ointment.

Prepared and sold by MCGEE & YERKES, 100 N. B. Street, New York.

27—To whom all Orders should be addressed.

Sold also by the principal Druggists and Country Merchants generally. Price 25 cents.

Wholesale Dealers: C. C. Clendenen & Co. No. 71, Barclay St., New York; Weeks & Potter, Boston; Adams, Hazard & Caswell; C. G. Handy & E. B. Irish, Newport; John Healey, Portsmouth.

March 8.—1y.

PULL RIVER RAILROAD.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

On and after Monday, April 14th, 1883, Passenger Trains run daily, Sundays excepted, as follows:

Leave Fall River for Boston, at 6:34, 7:40 A.M. and 3:54 P.M.

Leave Boston for Fall River, at 7:14 A.M., 11:20 and 4 P.M.

Cape Cod Trains.

Leave Boston for Fall River, at 7:14 A.M., 7:40 A.M., 8:40 A.M., 9:40 A.M., 10:40 A.M., 11:40 A.M., 12:40 P.M., 1:40 P.M., 2:40 P.M., 3:40 P.M., 4:40 P.M., 5:40 P.M., 6:40 P.M., 7:40 P.M., 8:40 P.M., 9:40 P.M., 10:40 P.M., 11:40 P.M., 12:40 A.M., 1:40 A.M., 2:40 A.M., 3:40 A.M., 4:40 A.M., 5:40 A.M., 6:40 A.M., 7:40 A.M., 8:40 A.M., 9:40 A.M., 10:40 A.M., 11:40 A.M., 12:40 P.M., 1:40 P.M., 2:40 P.M., 3:40 P.M., 4:40 P.M., 5:40 P.M., 6:40 P.M., 7:40 P.M., 8:40 P.M., 9:40 P.M., 10:40 P.M., 11:40 P.M., 12:40 A.M., 1:40 A.M., 2:40 A.M., 3:40 A.M., 4:40 A.M., 5:40 A.M., 6:40 A.M., 7:40 A.M., 8:40 A.M., 9:40 A.M., 10:40 A.M., 11:40 A.M., 12:40 P.M., 1:40 P.M., 2:40 P.M., 3:40 P.M., 4:40 P.M., 5:40 P.M., 6:40 P.M., 7:40 P.M., 8:40 P.M., 9:40 P.M., 10:40 P.M., 11:40 P.M., 12:40 A.M., 1:40 A.M., 2:40 A.M., 3:40 A.M., 4:40 A.M., 5:40 A.M., 6:40 A.M., 7:40 A.M., 8:40 A.M., 9:40 A.M., 10:40 A.M., 11:40 A.M., 12:40 P.M., 1:40 P.M., 2:40 P.M., 3:40 P.M., 4:40 P.M., 5:40 P.M., 6:40 P.M., 7:40 P.M., 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